

Friends Don't Lie, Don't Say Goodbye by The_Heart_of_an_Angel

Category: Stranger Things- TV Shows

Genre: Alternate Ending, F/M, Fluff, Kissing, Maybe more like a continuation, Post-Canon, totally cute

Language: English

Characters: Chief Hopper, Eleven, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Mike Wheeler/Eleven

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-07-19

Updated: 2016-07-19

Packaged: 2022-03-31 22:29:05

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,798

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

After Eleven seemingly disappears forever when she defeated the Demogorgon, Mike is left heartbroken and to wonder what exactly happened to her. After Hopper leaves her food, she comes back and is reunited with Mike.

Super cute. Lots of fluff and tears and cuteness.

Friends Don't Lie, Don't Say Goodbye

Eleven was cold, darkness and dust surrounded her. She knew this was the Upsidedown. She walked past twisted trees dripping with goo and gore, tennis shoes crunching on bones and rotting wood as she tentatively stepped.

"Mike?" She called, voice echoing in a metallic ring. Her voice was trembling. She hadn't expected to wake up in the middle of the decaying woods in the Upsidedown. She'd felt her body being pulled apart, flaking into ash as she'd pulled the Demogorgon into nothing. She was sure she'd been dead, but there she was.

She continued on toward where she could feel Mike's presence. He was far, but not too far that she didn't know where he was. She'd make it back to him if it was the last thing she did.

"Mike?!" She yelled once more, but did not hear any response. Her heart sped and the desperation that crawled into her chest forced her legs to move faster. She broke into a run, chasing the warm feeling of Mike. Trees blurred in the corner of her vision and pods of amber flesh blocked her path, but she carried on.

Vaguely, she heard the rolling of tires on gravel echoing in the cold air. She felt a new presence and felt relieved. It was Hopper. She knew it was him. As she came to the dark road at the edge of the woods, she was half disappointed to see that he wasn't there. Of course he wasn't, though. His presence was only mirrored in the Upsidedown. Eleven felt a bit like crying, and slowed to a wobbly shuffle.

Her eyes were trained on the empty road, tearing up. She didn't see the box at her feet, and instead tripped over it. A yelp was ripped from her throat and she held her scraped knee, hissing at the pain. The box was under her legs and she turned over to push herself from the ground.

She stood, and only stared at the box for a moment, not recognizing it, but knew that something was inside. Eleven got down on one knee and lifted to top by the handle. The squeak it let out made her flinch,

but her eyes lit up as she saw what it contained.

Eggos!

And a container of cooked chicken legs. It was a sign! Hopper knew she was still here! He had to know it! Why else would he leave food for her? She quickly grabbed the food and pulled out one waffle, biting into it hungrily. She was still weak from having destroyed the Demogorgon, and was thankful for nourishment.

Tears pricked at the corner of her eyes. There was still hope. She could make it back to Mike and the others. She stepped up onto the street and walked in the way of Mike's house.

Four waffles and an agonizingly long walk later, she came to the dark, dank version of Mike's home. Eleven came to the back door that led to the basement, and went inside.

Her little blanket fort beneath the table was there, but the nightlight inside it was a frozen, blue glow instead of warm, incandescent yellow. It made her a bit sad to see, but she sat down and set the food next to her. One hand dragged across the blanket on the floor and she let out a sigh.

Her eyes slid shut and she whispered into the still air. "Mike? Please." She listened intently for a response, but there was none.

"Mike! I'm here! Mike!" She repeated, again and again. Her voice was like a drop into still water. After a minute, she stopped, choking up. Mike couldn't hear her. She pulled her knees in toward her chest and rested her chin on them.

Her tears finally dripped down her face and stained her hot cheeks. How was she supposed to get back? There was no way she was going to the Gateway in the lab. No way...

Just then, out of the corner of her eyes she caught the sight of the walkie-talkie on the floor. She scrambled for it and pressed the button, yelling into it.

"Mike! Mike! I'm here!" She gripped the device so tightly, her knuckles turned white. There was a moment of silence, and then a

voice mingled with static came over the radio.

"E-Eleven?" The girl pulled in her lips to keep herself together.

"Mike, I'm here. Upsidedown." There was more crackling, and a choppy reply.

"Can - get back? Is --- portal? Are y- okay? Over."

"I'm okay." Eleven stood up and smiled shyly at the wall. Mike was worried about her. He still cared. "I... can find a way." She hesitated before saying, "Over."

Mike started asking himself questions, but also sent them over the radio. He babbled about possible solutions and ways to get her back, but Eleven just stared intensely at the wall of the basement. She narrowed her eyes and slowly stepped toward it. There was a poster in a frame leaning against the wall. There seemed to be a crack in the wall behind it, that glowed orange and blue.

Eleven pulled the poster away and exposed the crack that had strings of the fleshy gateway wall in it.

"Gateway!" She exclaimed into the radio. She slowly slid her hand into the mushy substance and pushed her way through. She left the Upsidedown radio on the ground below it and crawled through the small opening.

---11---

Mike jumped when Eleven yelled over the radio, and laughed with relief. "You can do it, Elle! Come on! Come back!" He heard no response, and stood up from the place where he had been kneeling near Eleven's old blanket fort.

Where could the portal be? She might come out of the one in the lab! He had to get there! He jumped around a bit, not knowing what to do for a moment, before grabbing his jacket and backpack. He was almost to the door when he heard a crash behind him.

"What the- ?" He spun around and saw that the framed poster of one of his favourite movies had fallen forward. There was a hole in the

wall behind it: the Gateway! He rushed to it, and kneeled in front of it. "Elle? Are you there?"

A hand ripped through the inter-dimensional fleshy portal and made Mike fall backward. "Elle!" He threw himself forward again and grabbed her hand, pulling her out.

The moment she was out, her big brown eyes were on Mike's. He instinctively pulled her close, hugging and cradling her. He shuffled backward on his knees, away from the portal, and looked down at Elle. Here arms were wrapped around his back tightly, and her thin fingers gripped his jacket like she was holding on for dear life.

"Mike..." she whispered. "I'm okay." They only looked at each other for a moment, heavy breaths mixing and neither wanting to let go of their comforting embrace.

"Elle... thank God." He held back tears, not wanting to cry in front of her.

They just held each other for a few more minutes, not minding it because it was just the two of them. Even though it did make Mike's heart pound a little harder in his chest. Elle's dress was covered in rotten goo and slime, and it was soaking into Mike's T-shirt. It was a bit uncomfortable, so he pulled back slowly.

"Let's get you into some clean clothes okay?" He offered, and stood up. He held her hand and led her up to his room, avoiding his parents and Nancy. He'd tell her that Elle was back later. He just wanted to take care of her now. He'd have to tell the guys later, too.

Once in his bedroom, he locked the door, and went to his closet. He chose a T-shirt and some sweatpants for her. She quietly stood next to him, and took the clothes when they were handed to her.

"Do you want to change in here?" He asked, pointing to the closet. Elle nodded and stepped inside. "I'll keep the door open a little, and I'll turn away." He left a little crack open and stood by his bed, facing the other way.

Elle fumbled to get the clothes on, but eventually got them on her

body. It was an amazing contrast to the cold of the Upsidedown. Mike's clothes were comfortable and warm.

"Mike." She said quietly as she opened the closet door and stepped out. Mike turned around and made that dumb open-mouthed face he always gave her when he was embarrassed.

"Better?" Mike asked, and Eleven nodded. "Good." He sat on the edge of his bed and patted the space beside him. Eleven crossed the room carefully, and sat next to him.

"Thank you, Mike." She said with the serious wide eyes of hers. Mike nodded and adjusted his position.

"You must be really tired." He observed, and gestured to the bed. "You can sleep here tonight, I'll sleep in the basement." He decided, and was about to leave.

Elle suddenly grabbed his arm, and stopped him.

"Mike... Don't leave." She said, more as a plea than an order. Mike took a deep breath and nodded, mouth gaping slightly.

"O-okay..." He slowly sat down again. Elle tugged on his sleeve and scooped back to lean against the pillows and headboard. Mike copied her, sitting shoulder to shoulder and tried to keep his heart from beating out of his chest.

Elle leaned her head on his shoulder and looked at their feet.

"I'm g-glad you made it back." Mike stuttered. He licked his lips. Elle lifted her head just enough to look at him.

"Friends don't leave." Elle stated, looking at him as if she were studying his face.

"Y-yeah. And they don't say good bye." Mike murmured. He looked back down at her and took a deep breath before leaning down to place a kiss on her lips. Elle didn't pull back, or make a face. She accepted the awkward, closed-mouthed kiss, and smiled up at him.

She slid her arms around his waist and let her head rest back on his

shoulder.

"Thank you, Mike." She whispered, and Mike just blinked and let his head slowly rest against hers.

"W-well... yeah, Elle." He put an arm gently over her shoulder. "I'm really happy you're back." He carefully looked down to see that her eyes were closed. Her breathing was soft and relaxed. She was asleep. Mike smiled at her and took a moment to take in the softness of her sleeping features. He took a deep breath and touched his lips to the top of her head.

"I love you, Eleven." Mike whispered into her short hair, let himself lean against her, and fell asleep with her.

Author's Note:

Hey, calling on Stranger Things fans! I hope you enjoyed this, as I will be posting more fanfic of this Netflix series. I am kind of proud to be the first one to do so on AO3. So, anyway, there's more where that came from. ALSO! If there is a pairing or prompt or etc. That you would like to see me write, go ahead and pop it in the comments, and I will gladly do it for you! <3